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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

Particulars of a Sad Love Affair—A Very Unfortunate Misunderstanding
(Ben Perley Poore.)

Mr. Buchanan was regarded almost at the commencement of his congressional career, as a confirmed bachelor, his first and only love affair having had a sad termination. The lady's name was Ann Colman, and she was the daughter of a proud, wealthy citizen of Lancaster. In 1822 Mr. Buchanan was elected to congress, and the next long session was continued far into July, when he returned home in the Baltimore stage, tired and dusty. After he had washed and changed his clothes, he started out for a short stroll, in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Miss Grace Hubley, sister-in-law to William Jennings, who resided on the corner of South Queen street, the terminus of the southwest angle, happened to be sitting in the parlor with all the windows open on account of the heat, noticing that Mr. Buchanan had returned, went to the door, and, passing the compliments of the evening, invited him in, with which he complied, and they seated themselves by a large open window and engaged in conversation. Not more than twenty minutes thereafter, an anonymous note was handed in to Miss Colman, stating that Mr. Buchanan was too tired to call on his affianced, but that he could call on and sit and chat with Miss Hubley.

On perusing the note Miss Colman was naturally somewhat troubled, and her father insisted upon seeing it. His offended dignity was at once in arms, and within an hour the daughter was placed in the family carriage and on the way to Philadelphia to visit her sister, Mrs. Judge Hembill. Knowing the unrelenting nature of her father, and probably fearing hurt at the innumerable thus anonymously conveyed to her, although an intelligent and accomplished young lady, and very much attached to her betrothed lover, she became despondent, and in her despair took laudanum and was a curse on the day following her reaching Philadelphia. Mr. Buchanan requested permission to attend the funeral as chief mourner, but was rudely refused. Being a man of ardent affection, and entirely devoted to his betrothed, Mr. Buchanan's mind was nearly unstrung at the sudden calamity which had befallen him, so much so, indeed, that his friends became uneasy, and Judge Franklin persuaded him to remain in his family a few days. He never forgot his early love, so sadly terminated.

The Man Next You.
(Philadelphia Press.)

There is a man whom I know to be a gentleman since once I saw him buy a pair of gloves," said a somewhat cynical observer of human nature. "To most people the girl behind the counter who waits on them is a tool, an instrument of their conveniences. He showed, without any fuss, that he recognized in her a human being, at whose hands he desired a service. And it brightened up a dull face to be so treated."

This business of getting into right human relations with other human beings is a large part of the best culture of character. It is a mistake when we touch on any other human life, however lightly and on the surface, without recognizing practically the humanity which is there. We impoverish human relations by this merely external contact of man with man; and we do each other great harm at times by not getting a little nearer.

Now there is the meanest and humblest a something which rises up against this treatment. Men hate to be nothing, or to be tools. They want some recognition of their personality, their individuality. Much of the popular form of religious faith is vital through demand for recognition. The poor man says: "Here I am nobody, and despised by those who force the attention of the world upon themselves. But God needs me. I am not a nobody to Him. And the day is coming when the manifestation of His love will lift me out of this neglect and obscurity into recognition and honor." It is remarkable what a part this element plays in the popular notion of the future life.

Silk Rag Carpets.
(New York Herald.)

Down in a dingy, dim and dirty little basement under a rickety old building on the Bowery is carried on an industry whose products are as beautiful as they are fashionable. It is a new freak in fancy work and a rather a sensible one.

This new wrinkle is nothing more nor less than a silk rag carpet. Old silk dresses, sashes and ribbons are cut up into little strips, the colors mixed indiscriminately together, and woven into a thick rug like a Turkey carpet. Threads of gold and silver braid are run in to give the mass an occasional glitter here and there. Then with elaborate borders attached they are hung up to act as portieres or window curtains.

This little Bowery cellar is the only place where the ladies are woyen. Little do the occupants of fashionable drawing-rooms imagine that the pretty fabrics are made by the brawny Milesian, with spectacles and a black pipe, and that by the aid of two flickering candlesticks set in the dust of the cumbersome loom he blends the colors together with the eye of an artist.

An Incredulous Walter.
(Chicago Tribune.)

"Two beers, two ginger ales, and a glass of water," ordered one of five friends who dropped into a restaurant.

The waiter seemed bewildered.

"Doo peer, doo ginger, one—"

"Water, water. A glass of water."

"Wader?"

"Yes, water, plain water."

He shook his head incredulously and fetched two beers, two ginger ales, and a rye-bread-and-ham sandwich.

Josh Billings: When I see a man with a marked eccentricity, I am ready to make a wager that the eccentricity is about all there is to him.

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

to Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is all a mistake. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all afflictions that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story,

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Philip watched every mail for the expected letter which was to forever rid him of Henry Graham, but as the days passed and it did not come he grew uneasy. "She can't have got frightened and concluded not to send it or has decided to expose me; she's idiot enough to do either." He said no more to Julia about Henry, but he ground his teeth whenever he came and he saw how happy Julia looked. One morning after a night of fretting and invoking everything pleasant on the head of Miss Castle, the expected letter came. It had been the custom ever since he first came, for Philip to distribute the mail. He knew the letter at a glance and while pretending to be busy sorting the rest of the mail keenly watched Julia.

She opened the letter first in evident wonder, which gave way to a look of bewilderment, then overwhelming comprehension as she forced herself to read it twice to the end, then folded it and as she thought, slipped it into her pocket, but it only lodged in the folds of her dress.

When she rose to leave the table with the others at the close of the meal, the letter slipped from her dress to the carpet and Chatty who had been observing her, put her foot on it, lingered to get some flowers from the table until the others were out of the room then stooped and picked it up.

"Something is wrong and this letter explains it; she won't tell me herself, so I'll have to call on all my ingenuity and then see what can be done."

She passed the sitting room, where she supposed the others were and went upstairs, at the top of the steps she met Julia coming down and evidently looking for something. "I have dropped a letter," she said.

"Did she write it, you think?" asked Chatty when he had finished.

"I didn't believe her or any other woman capable of such falsehood," said Henry, "but it seems that she wrote it, her name is there. What could have prompted her to do such a thing is beyond my comprehension. I never tried to make an impression on her virgin heart and was not aware until now of my good fortune in that respect. I wish there was a man in it," said Henry rising with a laugh, "I would like to thrash some one in my present humor."

Chatty thought it highly probable that there was one in it, but wisely kept her thoughts to herself.

"Your sister does not believe it does she? She don't think me capable of being such a puppy?"

"I think it highly probable that she does; only does not put it in exactly the light that you do."

"I can't see why she did it," said Henry in a puzzled and embarrassed way, "I will write to her immediately and inquire."

"Wait a moment," said Chatty, "don't you think that I can do this better than you? It will save her feeling in a measure and now that I know you innocent I have no further hesitancy in the matter. Let me write to her and tell her that her secret is not in safe hands, that I will tell you all about it unless she instantly states the matter truly; I will then show you the result and is not perfectly satisfactory you can take whatever step you like."

"You are both kind and thoughtful," said Henry gratefully, "I have no hesitancy in leaving my cause in your hands, sure that it will not suffer."

After a good deal more talk in which Chatty told him she thought it best that he stay away from Julia until after the letter from Covington could be received, that she would send Sam to notify him of the time, they rose to go.

Henry walked with her as far as he deemed it advisable, when they parted he said, "Give your sister my dear love for I do love her as never man loved before, tell her that my every thought is of her or connected with her in some way, everything reminds me of her, if a bird sings I find it calls her name, or has a voice like hers, the earth beneath, the sky above, my own soul speaks always of her. I didn't know that love would make a man so silly; I suppose Edward thinks me a sorry specimen for he goes off to himself to get rid of me and my talk."

Julia and Philip had not yet returned from their drive when Chatty reached home. She went to her room, laid off her hat, wrote a terse but comprehensive letter to Miss Castle and dispatched it by Jim. Then changing her walking dress and shoes for a house dress and slippers she took her work and went down stairs to the sitting room where her mother was reclining on a couch reading.

"I thought that you had gone with Philip and Julia," she said, glancing at Chatty. "No, I didn't feel like going this morning."

"I am glad you did not," said the lady after a short silence, "if Philip intends to propose to Julia it is quite time. I must speak to Julia about that young Graham visiting her so often, I have submitted to it thus far thinking it might hurry Philip, but it's quite time there was a stop put to it."

other road turned off, here was a grove of trees, Chatty entered it and sat down on a log to wait.

She had only been there a short time when she heard the sound as if a horse was coming at full speed up the road, she drew behind a bough for concealment, at the same moment a flying figure passed her, the ragged tails of his long coat standing straight out behind him, hat in hand, a cloud of dust in the rear, Sam going home.

Several minutes elapsed and Chatty was beginning to be a little frightened at her own timidity in coming out alone on that rather lonely road and to think that it was probably better to let people attend to their own affairs, when she heard a step coming near and Henry came in sight and heard his steps toward the little grove.

There is something in a good and brave man's face which gives comfort and assurance to the weak and fearful; one look into the face before her gave Chatty renewed courage, whatever was best to be done she felt that his sense would dictate and will will promote.

"You wished to see me," said Henry after he had pleasantly greeted her and taken a seat on the log by her side, a little bewildered, but with an undefined feeling that in some way Julia was connected with the proceeding.

For answer Chatty placed the letter in his hands. He glanced at the direction then inquiringly at Chatty.

"Read it," she said with a nod.

He read it through, the merry look leaving his face and one of wonder, indignation and disgust took its place.

"Did she write it, you think?" asked Chatty when he had finished.

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"I want you to run over to Dr. Clingey's and give this note to Henry Graham."

"Yer want me to run yer say?" said Sam with a deeply injured look, "I that yer knowed better than to ax a man of my size to run, but that's allus the way with young folks. I'll walk tho."

"Sam have you anything in particular to do this morning?" asked Chatty when they were some little distance from the door.

"No honey, notin very tickular, just to change my habiliments, then sweep the yard and rub up the harness and look arter the garden, notin very tickular. But come in, honey; what has you got that veil on such a hot day and what does yer want?"

"I want to see you on particular business," said Sam.

"Ah, dat means yer don't want no woman and white eyed chillun cluded," Sam growled throwing down the pants he had been wearing.

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[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our life to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

ITCH curd in 30 minutes by Wolford's Salicy Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS.

Music, Mirth and Love Making.

The following special dispatch was received at this office at a late hour last night:

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS, June 25.—The Jula Brother's Shreveport Orchestra and the Stanford Gold and Silver Cornet Band have both been engaged to enliven the guests at Rock Castle Springs this season. A very accomplished and brilliant pianist will also favor the assembled multitude with daily concerts. Floating concert and bathing carnival every afternoon. Ball Room, Skating Rink and Tea Pin Alley open six nights every week. Balcony tetes-ates prohibited after 11 o'clock. Progressive Encore from 9 to 12.30. Quoits and Croquet all hours. Now will you come?

SPH

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The debate, which has been adjourned for a short time on account of sickness, will re-open Saturday night when our orators will endeavor to ascertain which has been the most detrimental to this State, whisky or firearms.

—Our town presents a very deserted appearance to-day, as the young folks are all at home endeavoring to get rid of the headaches engendered at the dance Tuesday night and the old folks are in close attendance lecturing on the folly of dissipation and citing their own experiences as proof.

—Mr. M. F. Herring has bought a part of the Gentry farm opposite Dalton and will remove there in a short time. J. M. Martin sold a yoke of cattle to Jas. Light for \$142. N. W. Sampson sold 20 lambs to Dave Prewitt at \$5 per cwt. and Chas Ware sold a lot of corn to J. F. Kay at \$3 per barrel.

—Mrs. Sue Holmes, a pretty young widow of Crab Orchard, spent a few days with Mrs. C. M. Jones. Mrs. Margaret Pollock is visiting Mrs. P. H. Napier. Misses Nora Lynn and Lee Middleton, of Louisvile, are guests of Miss Sallie Murphy. Miss Kate Davis, of Crab Orchard, is visiting Miss Addie Martin. Miss Maggie Hendricks, pretty and attractive young lady, of Stanford, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jao. J. Martin. Miss Jennie Cosby, of Junction City, is at Mrs. Will Tucker's. Miss Sue Bourne has gone to Somerset, where she will make her future home. A. T. Martin is threatened with fever. Bill Ball is some better and it is hoped by his friends that she will entirely recover.

Stanford, Ky., June 26, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

Mr. VILAS, the Postmaster General, does not believe in making his department a mere political machine and its 40,000 postmasters and 100,000 direct and indirect employees, a lot of henchmen for a political chief, regardless of the interest of the service or of the people. The republican party has used it to advance its interests and that accounts for about all the scandals which have surrounded the service. He thinks this is a good time to break up the notion that the postmasterships are the peculiar property of politicians and that everything must be subservient to their convenience and purposes. Continuing he says: "I believe, of course, that the offices as a rule should be given to persons who are in accord with the views of Administration, but there should be some discrimination exercised so as to secure the person who is most satisfactory to the majority of the community in which the office is situated. Instances have occurred in which an entire community have supported one man and the member of Congress insisted on another and gained his point. This, I think, is wrong, and will not occur with my knowledge and consent while I have anything to say." All other things being equal he will differ to the recommendation of the Congressmen but that individual's endorsement will not always suffice. Mr. Vilas is fully imbued with the spirit which animates President Cleveland in the desire for a pure and honest administration, and is resolved to assist him to his fullest extent. So far they have made few if any mistakes.

LAWLESSNESS and murder still run riot in Rowan, Letcher, Knox and Bell counties and there seems no alternative but for the Governor to send troops to the scene and subdue the rascals or shoot them down like dogs. Governor Knott very commendably tried persuasion on them and endeavored to stay the riotous proceedings by an appeal to their manliness and citizenship and these having failed, coercion is the only means left him and we are glad to know that he is equal to the occasion by holding troops under marching orders to move the moment they are demanded. The law-breakers can and must be suppressed, if it takes every soldier and citizen in the State.

THE silence on the part of the newspapers concerning the Hon. Philip B. Thompson, Jr., was growing serious and we were beginning to hope that that much discussed individual was to be allowed to retire from public view, but here comes a Washington dispatch saying that he has just won a case with a \$5,000 fee and this will serve to advertise him for sometime. By the way a man who can make a \$5,000 fee in a single case ought to be glad the people refused to continue him as a Congressman, at a salary of but \$5,000 for a whole year.

THE Rev. T. U. Dudley took several pages in the Century Magazine to discuss the subject, "How shall we help the negro," while Peck's Sun dispenses of the question in a line. It says the best way is to leave the hen coop and melon patch unguarded and let him help himself, and even the reverend gentleman can not gainsay the soundness of the argument.

THE Chicago News thus sizes up the little reporter: "The once popular and puissant William Mahone has shrunk away to such an extent as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. The present administration seems to regard him with the same haughty indifference with which a well-bred gentleman views a half-smoked cigarette in the gutter."

SO WELL an informed paper as the New York World should blush to make such a mistake as to speak of the Rev. Sam Jones, as "the colored Southern revivalist." Samuel is a "Kentucky, by gawd," and as he stands over six feet in his stockings, Mr. Pulitzer had best stay on his side of the line when he wants to call him a negro.

ONE of its old editors, Mr. J. E. Murrell, has taken temporary charge of the Columbia Spectator and already it shows the touch of an expert. Its editor, Mr. Rollin Hurt, is a candidate for the Legislature and has neglected the paper till its appearance was an eye sore to every lover of neat typography.

EVERYTHING mean has been charged against members of the Illinois Legislature except rape and now that charge is most made against Representative Jones, of Randolph county, who is charged with assault with intent to outrage Nannie Jones, a 12 year old page, in the State-house at Springfield.

KEILEY, of Richmond, Va., seems to be in bad repute with the foreign governments. Italy refused to accept him as a Minister from the U. S., and now Austria follows suit. Some remark about the religion of the countries in speech many years ago is given as the reason for not wishing his presence.

A COLORED lawyer was called by Judge R. H. Thompson to occupy during his absence the bench of the city court of Louisville and the latter is receiving much praise from the colored people. It was the first time that a black man ever acted as judge in the State.

AFTER July 1st, the heavy postage tax on newspapers will be relieved by 50 per cent. Last year that class of mail matter brought a revenue to the department of over two millions of dollars.

KENTUCKY offers up another sacrifice to be avenger of murder to-day. Jordan Taylor, colored, will be hung at Hopkinsville for killing Sallie Saunders, whose head he cut off with an ax.

THE editor of the Hanover, Va., *News*, Claude Swanson by name, published a defamatory article on Judge Edmund Waddell, recently discharged from the U. S. District Attorneyship, charging that he had sold himself to Mahone for office. The Judge thereupon challenged the editor and disappeared. But duelists usually manage to let the officers find out about their coming "affair of honor" and the Judge was arrested and bound over to keep the peace. The editor also had to furnish bondsman and instead of a noted duel the matter ends in a police court, just as both probably wished it would. These "dead game" Virginians are not always as brave as they advertise themselves and many of them resort to the "code" for the purpose of being brought before the courts.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—R. T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer, is dead at Washington.

—At Louisville, Philip Bellmyer was given 14 years on two charges of attempted rape.

—The Kentucky School of Medicine, of Louisville, graduated fifty-seven young doctors.

—Hon. Horace Burchard, Director of the Mints, declines to resign. It is probable that he will be removed.

—The library, 3,000 volumes, left by the late Dr. T. S. Bell, has been purchased by the Polytechnic Society for \$1,500.

—Thomas Back has been appointed to succeed George W. Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Appraiser at San Francisco.

—John Keane, a negro prisoner in the jail at Cynthiana who tried to kill the deputy jailer, J. B. King, was shot by the latter and killed.

—As a result of the recent earthquakes in Cashmere, 3,081 persons lost their lives, 70,000 houses were laid in ruins, and 33,000 animals perished.

—The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted the office of Premier, thus making an important step in the settlement of the English political tangle.

—The excitement over the killing of young Schreiber, at Nashville, by three policemen, has grown very great, and \$5,000 has been subscribed to prosecute them.

—William Jackson, residing near Greensburg, Ind., was fatally injured while plowing corn, the plow handle striking him in the abdomen, causing death in twenty-four hours.

—It is predicted from Frankfort that Judge Bowden, of the Superior Court, will be the successful candidate for the Court of Appeals vice-Judge Hines, who declines to run again.

—Ground was broken Tuesday for a million-dollar Government building on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Louisville. It is to be completed in 1890.

—Five negroes, four men and one woman, were hung by a mob at Elkhart, Texas, Monday morning for the murder of Mrs. Randolph Hazzell, the preceding night.

—Round-trip tickets from Louisville to the National Teachers' Association at Saratoga Springs have been placed on sale at \$16, good going July 6 to 13, inclusive; returning until August 31.

—Link Banks, a leader of the Letcher county outlaws, was instantly killed at Whitesburg by J. H. Frazier, whom he attacked on an old grudge. Banks had killed three men since Jan. 1st.

—Buddenstock, the cheap contractor who built houses in New York with sand instead of mortar, has been sentenced to ten years in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for the killing of a man by the falling of a row of his rotten work.

—The action of Secretary Bayard in sending the Iroquois to Ecuador to back up the demand for a release of Santos is regarded as the best evidence that the Administration will protect American interests and American honor and will not hesitate to interfere again and promptly in Central American affairs if the occasion calls for it, as does not seem unlikely, in view of what is now transpiring on the Isthmus.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

—John Graham obtained license to be married to Miss Jennie Benge. Both are residents of Garrard.

—The wills of Joe Baker, Achilles Allen and Garland King were admitted to probate in the county court Monday.

—Mrs. Wm. Forbush died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs Tuesday evening. Burial at Pleasant Grove cemetery Wednesday.

—Workmen began laying brick on C. C. Storms new storeroom Thursday. The building will be two stories and will be used by Mr. Storms as a drug and grocery store.

—Mr. James E. Murdoch, the celebrated elocutionist and dramatist, of Cincinnati, gave a reading at the City Hall on the evening of the 23d inst. He was greeted by a large audience who were delighted with the entertainment. Although 75 years of age Mr. Murdoch has all the fire, and his voice is as strong, clear and resonant as that of a young man of 25. His repertoire embraced the tragic, the pathetic and the humorous and his recitations were all superb. He is a grand old man.

—Miss Nellie Marrs is visiting friends in Nicholasville. Rev. W. I. Fowle and family and Miss Bettie Jones are at Dripping Springs. Col. Sam Miller has gone to Cincinnati on business. Messrs. Will Vaughan, of Cincinnati, and E. L. Vaughan, of Shelbyville, are visiting their father, Rev. T. M. Vaughan. Miss Lillie Noel, who was reported convalescent, is now dangerously ill, we regret to say. Messrs. W. J. and Robt. Kinnard went to Louisville Wednesday. Miss Honeywood Huffman left Thursday for Winchester, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Richard Embry. Miss Kate Lundrum is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. G. Dunlap at Nicholasville.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., June 26, 1885

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:30 P. M.
" " South	1:40 P. M.
Express train " South	1:32 A. M.
" " North	2:05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Bourne's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it, your money will be refunded.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. H. P. MIDDLETON, late of Newcomb, Tenn., was here yesterday.

—Mrs. T. B. DEMARÉE, of Louisville, is with her cousin, Mrs. W. L. Dawson.

—MR. BEN HARLAN, of California, has been on a visit to Mrs. Wesley Rout.

—MISS ADA FOSTER, of Cleveland, O., is visiting the family of Mr. T. J. Foster.

—Mrs. W. B. MUNDELL, of Metamora, Ind., has joined her husband, the Professor, here.

—Mrs. W. G. DUNLAP and Miss Lillie Messick, of Danville, are guests of Mrs. J. H. Hocker.

—PROF. J. N. PRATHER, of Harrodsburg, was here yesterday to make application for the College.

—MR. AND MRS. ROBT. HARDING, of Danville, were here Tuesday. One rarely sees a handsome couple.

—MESSRS. WILL AND JOHN H. CRAIG have started on their usual summer tour for Ab. Kirshbaum & Co.

—HON. G. M. ADAMS, Register of the Land Office, was here Wednesday en route to his home at Barboursville.

—MR. B. MCKINNEY, wife, Miss Jessie, and other members of the family are spending a few weeks at Dripping Springs.

—MR. A. F. EVANS is back from Cambridge, Mass., looking exceedingly well. Study and baked beans seem to have agreed with him.

—MRS. GEO. H. BRUCE and Howard have gone to her sister's, near Hyattsville, for the benefit of the latter, who is recovering from a malarial attack.

—DRS. J. F. PEYTON, G. W. Bronaugh, Steele Bailey, J. G. Carpenter and Hugh Reid are attending the State Medical Association meeting, in session at Crab Orchard.

—MR. JAMES CROW, who is now in his 82d year, is rapidly declining and his death is likely to occur at any time. He has been one of the staunchest and best citizens that the county has ever had.

LOCAL MATTERS.

TIN SETS very cheap. T. R. Walton.

New goods just received by Edmiston & Owsley.

SADLER's cradles, mowing blades, &c., at Bright & Curran's.

A LARGE stock of clothing to be closed out very cheap Edmiston & Owsley.

HIGHLAND will have her usual 4th of July picnic and her people are making great preparations for it.

In a row between Will Huff Harris and Armp Petrey, a few days ago near Highland, the former cut the latter in the abdomen inflicting a severe wound.

A LADY in this county after selling over \$100 worth of strawberries, put up for winter use 25 bushels, (we don't mean gallons,) of the succulent berry.

NEW STORE.—Mr. S. S. Myers has rented the store-room belonging to the INTERIOR JOURNAL building and will open next Monday a full line of confectionaries, fruits and green groceries. He will also attach an ice cream saloon.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that the people of McKinney are much excited over the inhuman treatment of a little white girl who is hired by a preacher there. The charges are so severe that we withhold names until we can further investigate the matter.

The Standard Lodge of Odd Fellows, or rather about 40 of them, went by special train on the K. C. yesterday to the Odd Fellows picnic at Lexington, taking with them the Gold and Silver Band, composed of the following musicians: Prof. W. B. Mundell, J. T. Carson, Dr. L. F. Huffman, P. L. Baker, Dr. W. B. Penny, Will Severance, J. F. Waters, A. A. Warren, R. D. Carpenter, T. M. Johnston, C. C. Carson and E. C. Walton. The train left at 6 A. M. and was to return about 3 this morning.

The manner in which the directors of the Kentucky Heat Fender Co., have gone to work shows they mean business in earnest, and their terms of sale—ten days on trial—shows they know their fenders carry conviction with them. Their first shipment has all been engaged. The idea of making the cook room as cool as the parlor is a capital one for the benefit of suffering women and as much curiosity and interest in "the how it is done and what the fender looks like" is evident, they will erect one in Stanford upon its arrival from the factory, when all, especially the ladies for whose benefit it is designed, will be invited to examine it. Mr. John M. Hall saw the one demonstrated in Crab Orchard, gave his order and is enthusiastic in the cause.

FRUIT JARS and CANS at T. R. Walton's.

A BIG LINE of fruit jars and cans at Bright & Curran's.

The best hay rakes on the market and only \$20, for sale by Bright & Curran.

THE K. C. will sell round trip tickets to the Masonic celebration at Richmond tomorrow for \$1.35, good to return Monday.

It is just two months before the Stanford Female College ought to open and no one has been secured to take charge of it yet. The Trustees should begin to stir themselves.

THE cool wave has been succeeded by a hot one and yesterday was as warm as it ever needs to get. During the cold spell heavy frosts fell in Michigan, doing much damage to crops.

THE Farmers National Bank has fitted up an elegant directors room and with the aid of paints, carpenters' work, &c., has made its banking house one of the most desirable in this section.

THE handsome two story brick building just erected on Lancaster street for Col. W. G. Welch, Judge J. M. Phillips and J. B. Paxton by contractors Allen & Allison, is now ready for occupancy. It is one of the nicest improvements that we have noted for many a day.

REMEMBER the Picnic at Lutherheim tomorrow. "Dot little German Band" will furnish the music, several good speakers will be in attendance and a fine dinner will be spread. We thank Mr. Albert H. Zollinger for an invitation, which he also asks shall be extended to the public at large.

THE present is an exceedingly dull time in business here and there is a general complaint of hard times. The farmers have nothing to sell and money is scarcer than for years. It will take the new railroad or something else to revive business.

THE creamery made 200 pounds of nice butter yesterday, the largest churning yet made. It is paying farmers much more for their cream than they can get by making it into butter and they are beginning to realize the fact. Country butter is a drug on the merchant at Lancaster at 12½ cents.

WHEAT.—Judge Burch tells us that he will get less than 10 bushels of wheat from 20 acres and that the entire crop of his neighborhood will be insufficient to induce a thresher to come and get it out. He and others are arranging to return to the primitive method of using flails for the purpose.

BY the recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THERE is absolutely nothing to report in regard to the Chesapeake & Nashville railroad. We say this in answer to a hundred questions a day about it. Capt. Spradlin, who has been here for several weeks, is looking daily for orders from Mr. Zimmerman. He has looked over the routes by McKinney and by Hustonville and reports both of them good and practical. And, by the way, the McKinney people are doing their level best to get the road to run through their town.

THE DOCTORS AT C. O.—The meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society at Crab Orchard Springs, we learn from Dr. Bailey, who was called here yesterday to attend Mr. William Tucker, is attended by 150 members, most of them men of high standing in the profession, and the occasion has proven a most pleasant and profitable one. Yesterday the election of officers for the ensuing year was held and resulted as follows: President, Dr. J. P. Thomas, Pembroke; Senior Vice President, I. S. Shirley, Winchester; Junior Vice President, E. C. McChord, Lebanon; Permanent Secretary, Steele Bailey, Stanford; Assistant Secretary, F. Dunlap, Danville; Treasurer, Ed Alcorn, Hustonville; Librarian, J. L. Taylor, Warren county; Board of Censors, Dr. Willis, Winchester; Dr. Harwood, Shelbyville; Dr. Poynter, Midway; Dr. Reynolds, Louisville; Dr. Letcher, Henderson; Dr. Sergeant, Hopkinsville; Dr. Willis, Chairman Committee Arrangements and Credentials. Winchester was selected as the next place of meeting. Dr. Reid writes us that the older members of the society say that the present is the best of the thirty annual meetings that have been held.

MARRIAGES.

—Yesterday at 9 A. M. by Eld. John Ball Gibson, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Fielding Thurmond, Mr. Jefferson Davis Jones and Miss Calien Thurmond were united in marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Jones then drove to Danville, where they took the train for a trip to Cincinnati and other points. Our heartiest congratulations are extended.

—AT the pretty and cozy residence of the bride, Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the presence of a number of immediate relatives and friends, Eld. W. L. Williams, in a short but impressive ceremony, bound together the hearts and lives of Mr. Greenberry Adams, of McKinney, Texas, and Miss Emma L. Peyton, of this county. Attendants, Mr. Rufus Adams and Miss Ella Peyton; Mr. Calvin Carpenter and Miss Eugenia Peyton. The bride, who is a most lovely and accomplished young lady and an artist of rare ability, was beautifully attired in white flannel and Oriental lace, with diamonds and natural flowers, and as she stood up to become the wife of the man of her choice, she was a most charming and interesting picture. The bridegroom's each 1 per cent.

WORE white flannel and escurial lace. The

groom is a son of Esquire L. B. Adams, of the West End, and for two years has been engaged in business at McKinney, Texas. He is possessed of moral habits and good business qualifications and the keeping of the bright, young life which is now blended with his, is apparently in safe hands.

That he may ever fully appreciate the trust she has imposed in him and that their days on earth may be long and happy, we join their many friends in wishing. After hearty congratulations had followed the ceremony, the guests were invited to an elegant lunch prepared by the Gilcher Bros., of Danville, and in which they fully maintained their high reputation. The table was beautifully prepared and the happy party did ample justice to the tempting viands with which it was loaded. The bride was the recipient of many costly presents, among which was noticed a beautiful watch from Miss Eugenia Peyton, a diamond ring from Miss Julia Peyton, a set of jewelry from Miss Mary Peyton, a set of silver from Dr. J. F. Peyton, and a check for \$100 from Masterson Peyton. Most of the party accompanied the bridal pair to Squire Adams' the same night, where a reception was given them. Several other entertainments were given in their honor and their week in their old Kentucky home before leaving for the Lone Star State, will be a bright spot in their memory and we hope they will always be as happy as in those delightful June days.

RELIGIOUS.

—Rev. A. S. Moffett will preach at Crab Orchard next Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

—The Minutes of the Southern Methodists, just issued, show a membership of 941,327, net increase, 37,127.

—The Mazarin Bible sold last week for \$19.50. This is the highest price ever paid for a single book.

—The new Christian church at Campbellsville will be dedicated next Sunday by Eld. Jno. S. Sweeney, of Paris.

—Rev. B. A. Daws will preach at the Baptist church here Sunday in the place of Mr. Bruce who has gone to the State Convention at Mayfield.

—Rev. J. E. Triplett will preach next Sabbath at McKinney, at 11 o'clock A. M. and at Richard's school-house at 4 P. M. and at Smith's school-house at 8 o'clock P. M.

—Rev. T. F. Garrett closed his revival at Corinth Sunday, which resulted in 33 conversions, 17 made perfect in love and 41 additions to the Methodist church. The meeting ran 11 days. —[Lexington Gazette.

—Dr. Eaton, of Walnut Street Baptist church, has made calculation on the growth and contributions of Baptists, which shows that if the increase continues, in 87 years everybody will be Baptists; and if the decrease in giving goes on, in 91 years no person will give a cent for Christianity.

—Rev. W. P. Harvey, of Harrodsburg, will present the best annual report of Sunday school work ever done in Kentucky. He has raised \$8,600, employed 33 men, organized 385 Sunday schools, effected 601 conversions among the scholars, sold bibles and books to the amount of \$1,500 and given away \$300 worth.

—The meeting at the Methodist church has resulted so far in 11 confessions and an addition of 9 to the church membership. The Christians have never been so warmed up nor has more interest in the cause of religion been manifested here for some time.

Rev. H. C. Morrison is an earnest and effective speaker and is aiding the pastor, Rev. F. S. Pollite, in a work that is teeming with good results. The meeting has now been in progress three weeks and is likely to continue for some time.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Corn for sale. F. Reid, Stanford. 3½

—Wheat is now transported by boats from Chicago to Buffalo for one cent per bushel, the lowest rate ever made.

—A peculiar and fatal disease has broken out among the cattle in Bath county. The disease seems to affect the head and lungs.

—The Allen Bros. have bought the lambs of a number of farmers in this section at 4½ and 4 for July 1st and July 20th deliveries.

—In Louisville good cattle sell well at 4 to 5½ cents; common are dull at 2 to 3½; hogs are active at 3 to 4 to 4½; sheep are firm at 1½ to 3½; lambs are in demand at 2½ to 4.

—R. B. Lyle sold last week to Mattingly & Simms a pair of work mules for the handsome price of \$880. It is needless to say that they were good ones.—[Lebanon Standard.

—A Cincinnati paper says: "Two car loads of watermelons from Florida arrived this morning, consigned to houses on Front street and they are on the market at \$35.40 per hundred.

—Woodcock & Helm bought lambs of G. D. Hopper. John Raney, Robt. McAlister and J. E. Bruce, present delivery, at 5 cents and Tom Woods bought W. A. Hall, Gooch's and others' at same price.

—The Jones Bros. have purchased 12,000 bushels of bluegrass seed at 48 cents, to be delivered the 1st of August. Sam Kidd Hodgkin sold to Lexington a pair of mules for \$325 and one mule for \$127.50.—[Winchester Democrat.

—J. B. Bond sold to J. B. K. of Owen county, 25 head of 2, 3 and 4-year-old cattle at \$24.50 per head. Last year Scott county produced over two and a half million pounds of tobacco—a good showing for a new tobacco county.—[Georgetown Times.

—WINCHESTER COUR. —About 500 head of cattle on the market, a very few of which were sold; 50 head of 2 year-olds brought \$53.70 per head; one lot of yearlings sold at \$37.70; 17 head of 800 pound smooth steers brought \$32.50; 3 head 1,100 pound \$4.50.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The Louisville Amateurs, who were defeated by the Danville last week, have strengthened themselves and are coming back next week to try it over again.

—Wakefield & Hudson bought Wednesday of Garrard county parties three 15 hand 1 inch mules at prices averaging \$158 each. Same firm sold to a dealer at McKinney, a pair of horse mules at \$220.

—The ladies of the Clemens House got up a Mother Goose tableau Wednesday night which was attended by a number of little folks. Miss Lena Smith, daughter of Rev. Green Clay Smith, contributed excellent music for the occasion.

—Mr. H. E. Wolfork, late of Louisville, has taken an interest in the *Advocate*, of this place and will be business manager thereof. Jas. R. Marrs has received his commission as postmaster and will enter upon his duties as soon as Mr. Linney returns from Missouri and turns over the office to him. Mr. Jas. F. Zimmerman will be chief clerk in the P. O.

—Henry Fry was fined \$5 and costs in the police court Wednesday for hitting a colored friend in the head with a rock. Henry says the friend called him the son of a female canine and that is why he smote him. This morning in the same court Pres. Barbee was taxed \$10 and costs for permitting an old sow to run at large and while so running to invade Mr. G. D. Mahan's garden and destroy many vegetables in the same.

—Miss Mattie Smith, from lower Garrison, and Miss Bettie Bradley, of Lincoln, are visiting Miss Lucy Myers, this county. Drs. McMurtry, Dunlap and Johnson, of this place, and Dr. McClure, of Junction City, are in Crab Orchard attending the Medical Convention. Mr. S. G. Boyle, of the *Advocate*, left on a business trip to New York Wednesday. Col. and Mrs. James A. Fisher and Miss Mattie have returned to Danville. Mrs. H. E. Samuel has returned from Masterson Peyton.

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THE "POT-BOILER."

THE ARTIST WHO TURNS OUT AN OIL PAINTING IN TEN MINUTES.

An "Unrived Collection" of Bad Marines, Hand-Me-Down Tropicals and Initiation Turners and Landseers —A "Pot-Boiler" at Work.

[Chicago Tribune.] "A 'pot-boiler'! Certainly I know what a 'pot-boiler' is."

Thus said the stranger, regarding his interlocutor with almost a resentful air, as if an imputation of ignorance had been cast upon him. The two were standing in the doorway of a State street mock-auction room, regarding, with mingled feelings of curiosity and amusement, "an unrived collection of oil paintings," whereof the putative authors were among the most celebrated artists of Europe. The stranger had been moved by the spectacle to mention the above-named subject. He went on to say:

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,' and with a discursive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marines, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bonheur and Landseer. There was one caricaturesque caricature of a Turner. 'All that stuff,' said the elegant critic repeated "was done under great stress by pot-boilers." And now I will tell you what that term means. A pot-boiler is not, as you idiosyncratically suggest, one who boils pots. He is a species of mechanician or artist, as he would prefer to be called, who manufactures paintings for this and similar markets by the yard, piece or dozen, according to contract. He is of two kinds, gregarious or solitary. The former work in groups at large factories in New York and Philadelphia. Here they string up a row of canvases in a convenient light. Then the pot-boiler goes over the lot with a pot of blue, another with green, a third with red, and so on till the canvases are all covered with landscapes, etc., according as it happens. The result is the very lowest grade of work, which sells at wholesale at from 60 to 80 cents a copy. These were seen to be of rather a higher grade. They were done by the other kind—the solitary pot-boiler. He is a genius in his way. I think I can find one of those fellows at work if you care to come."

The answer was a prompt expression of willingness, and the stranger led the way to a tall building on Randolph street, at the top of which was found a little, dingy room containing the paraphernalia of a paint-shop, and a part-colored jacket inclosing a man. The latter was hard at work on a 12x20-inch canvas rapidly approaching completion. Around about were numerous completed works of art, some of them not yet dry. In the corner was a placard inscribed: "Paintings in oil while you wait," the uses of which were explained later. The artist knew the stranger, and was willing to be seen and heard while he worked and talked.

"Yes," he began, "I am what they call a pot-boiler, and it don't make me feel bad to admit it. Time was, though, when I struck out for the name of artist and had yearnings like all the other beginners. But only a few see their ambition realized, and I was one of the many. Taunk God, I had sense enough to see it before I starved for the want of glory and bread, and turned my time exclusively to the latter. I am making money now, but (with an involuntary sigh) I suppose I will never be an artist."

During this monologue the speaker's hands were as busy as his tongue. With incredible rapidity he had planted a fine forest on the edge of a blue sheet of water, and caused the foreground to blossom as a rose of several hues. He used his left forearm for a mahl-stick and scorned the use of more than two brushes. The colors were mixed as they were needed, without the aid of a palette knife. A pine tree was achieved by a single downward stroke, and two more rapid motions draped it in the graceful hangings of a woodland vine. A primrose on the river's brink, a blotch of ochre was to him, and nothing more. The stranger remarked that he worked without the aid of copy or crayon sketch.

"Of course," was the careless rejoinder. "I don't need them. I carry my 'designs' in my head; two or three 'fores' as many 'distances,' an' skisks, and 'miscellaneous,' and there's my outfit. The difference is in the combinations. Now, in this picture, say, I have No. 1 sky, No. 3 distance, No. 2 fore, and so on."

The artist had already begun work on another canvas.

That placard I see you looking at is one I often use when I make my trips. Yes, I go to state fairs and exposition, take a booth, hang that sign out, and literally paint pictures while my customers wait for them. How long? Well, say two minutes, on a small canvas. That sort of work brings \$1 a copy, or \$4 with a frame. Money in it! Well, rather! Five people out of ten think they've got a bargain at the price. They're made \$75 a day, with a clean profit of \$65. Two of my friends did even better at the New Orleans exposition last winter, and there wasn't any crowd to speak of, either. Where does most of my work go to? That's one of the secrets of this biz! May be you know (to the stranger.)

The stranger indicated by his conduct as he led his companion out that he did.

Coffins vs. Cucumbers.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is a store on the north side which is occupied by an undertaker. Several choice coffins are placed artistically in his show window. Some are men's sizes and some of cherubic dimensions. In this win low, filled with reminders which make all of us feel small, this undertaker puts a sign, "Part of window to rent." A man comes along who rented a part of the window paid for it and began moving in his merchandise. He was a vegetable dealer, and piled up cucumbers and other cholerie truck along the coffins in a manner which ruffles the coffin dealer. A lawsuit is on the tapis. The health department will be called upon to decide whether a man who deals in death truck is any worse than the man who advertises for dead people. The north side is awaiting the outcome of this decision with bated breath. They are betting on the man with the cucumber pile.

A Misfit Somewhere.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Blessed are the peacemakers, Bismarck gets \$300 a day for keeping all Europe in a state of fighting suspense about what he is going to do next. Gen. Komarov gets 100,000 roubles for killing a few Afghans and standing all India up on end, a good cannon costs \$1,000 and a city missionary wears out his life for \$900 a year and you can get a Bible of the Tract society for nothing."

Kaolin in Dakota.

[Chicago Journal.]

The Marquis de Mores is confident that the whitish clay found near the lignite ruins at Medora is the kaolin from which the finest pottery ware is made. If it proves to be such, he will manufacture on a large scale there.

SWING SONG.

[William Allington in Magazine of Art.] Swing, sing! swing, sing!
Here's my Throne and I am a King!
Swing, sing! swing, sing!
Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high, here I fly.
Like a bird through sunny sky!
Free, free, over the lea!
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down, up and down
Which is way to London town?
Where, where, up in the air!
Close your eyes—and now you are there!

Soon, soon, afternoon,
Over the sunset, over the moon.
Far, far, over all the earth,
Sweeping from star to star!

No, no! low, low!
Sweeping daisies with my toe,
Low, low, to and fro.
Slow—slow—slow—slow—slow.

WHEN YOUR GIRTH INCREASES.

Extra Weight To Be Carried Through All the Labors of Life.

[Sir Henry Thompson in Nineteenth Century.]

There is that occasional visit to the tailor, who, tape in hand, announces in commercial monotonous to the listening clerk the various measurements of our girth, and congratulates us on the gradual increase thereof. He never in his life saw you looking so well, and "fancy, sir, you are another inch below your armpit"—a good deal below—"since last year!" insistently intimating that in another year or so you will have nearly a fine chest as Heenan! And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your increasing size is an equivalent to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a discursive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marines, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bonheur and Landseer. There was one caricaturesque caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff," said the elegant critic repeated "was done under great stress by pot-boilers." And now I will tell you what that term means. A pot-boiler is not, as you idiosyncratically suggest, one who boils pots. He is a species of mechanician or artist, as he would prefer to be called, who manufactures paintings for this and similar markets by the yard, piece or dozen, according to contract. He is of two kinds, gregarious or solitary. The former work in groups at large factories in New York and Philadelphia. Here they string up a row of canvases in a convenient light. Then the pot-boiler goes over the lot with a pot of blue, another with green, a third with red, and so on till the canvases are all covered with landscapes, etc., according as it happens. The result is the very lowest grade of work, which sells at wholesale at from 60 to 80 cents a copy. These were seen to be of rather a higher grade. They were done by the other kind—the solitary pot-boiler. He is a genius in his way. I think I can find one of those fellows at work if you care to come."

The answer was a prompt expression of willingness, and the stranger led the way to a tall building on Randolph street, at the top of which was found a little, dingy room containing the paraphernalia of a paint-shop, and a part-colored jacket inclosing a man. The latter was hard at work on a 12x20-inch canvas rapidly approaching completion. Around about were numerous completed works of art, some of them not yet dry. In the corner was a placard inscribed: "Paintings in oil while you wait," the uses of which were explained later. The artist knew the stranger, and was willing to be seen and heard while he worked and talked.

"Yes," he began, "I am what they call a pot-boiler, and it don't make me feel bad to admit it. Time was, though, when I starved for the want of glory and bread, and turned my time exclusively to the latter. I am making money now, but (with an involuntary sigh) I suppose I will never be an artist."

During this monologue the speaker's hands were as busy as his tongue. With incredible rapidity he had planted a fine forest on the edge of a blue sheet of water, and caused the foreground to blossom as a rose of several hues. He used his left forearm for a mahl-stick and scorned the use of more than two brushes. The colors were mixed as they were needed, without the aid of a palette knife. A pine tree was achieved by a single downward stroke, and two more rapid motions draped it in the graceful hangings of a woodland vine. A primrose on the river's brink, a blotch of ochre was to him, and nothing more. The stranger remarked that he worked without the aid of copy or crayon sketch.

"Of course," was the careless rejoinder. "I don't need them. I carry my 'designs' in my head; two or three 'fores' as many 'distances,' an' skisks, and 'miscellaneous,' and there's my outfit. The difference is in the combinations. Now, in this picture, say, I have No. 1 sky, No. 3 distance, No. 2 fore, and so on."

The artist had already begun work on another canvas.

That placard I see you looking at is one I often use when I make my trips. Yes, I go to state fairs and exposition, take a booth, hang that sign out, and literally paint pictures while my customers wait for them. How long? Well, say two minutes, on a small canvas. That sort of work brings \$1 a copy, or \$4 with a frame. Money in it! Well, rather! Five people out of ten think they've got a bargain at the price. They're made \$75 a day, with a clean profit of \$65. Two of my friends did even better at the New Orleans exposition last winter, and there wasn't any crowd to speak of, either. Where does most of my work go to? That's one of the secrets of this biz! May be you know (to the stranger.)

The stranger indicated by his conduct as he led his companion out that he did.

Coffins vs. Cucumbers.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is a store on the north side which is occupied by an undertaker. Several choice coffins are placed artistically in his show window. Some are men's sizes and some of cherubic dimensions. In this win low, filled with reminders which make all of us feel small, this undertaker puts a sign, "Part of window to rent." A man comes along who rented a part of the window paid for it and began moving in his merchandise. He was a vegetable dealer, and piled up cucumbers and other cholerie truck along the coffins in a manner which ruffles the coffin dealer. A lawsuit is on the tapis. The health department will be called upon to decide whether a man who deals in death truck is any worse than the man who advertises for dead people. The north side is awaiting the outcome of this decision with bated breath. They are betting on the man with the cucumber pile.

A Misfit Somewhere.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Blessed are the peacemakers, Bismarck gets \$300 a day for keeping all Europe in a state of fighting suspense about what he is going to do next. Gen. Komarov gets 100,000 roubles for killing a few Afghans and standing all India up on end, a good cannon costs \$1,000 and a city missionary wears out his life for \$900 a year and you can get a Bible of the Tract society for nothing."

Kaolin in Dakota.

[Chicago Journal.]

The Marquis de Mores is confident that the whitish clay found near the lignite ruins at Medora is the kaolin from which the finest pottery ware is made. If it proves to be such, he will manufacture on a large scale there.

WASHINGTON'S TREES.

A MIGHTY FOREST GROWING WITHIN THE CAPITAL CITY.

A Splendid Scheme for Providing Shade Trees and Beautifying the Streets Successfully Carried Out—How the Work Is Done.

[Washington Cor. New York Times.]

Standing upon the dome of the capital at this season of the year overlooks a vast labyrinth of leafing trees probably unequal in extent, variety and symmetry in any other city in the world. In a few years our capital will become pre-eminently the forest city of the nation. Trees all around you, in platoons, in columns, in ranks, single, double, and quadruple, they shade and ornament with their luxuriant foliage not only the magnificent avenues where fashion takes its daily airing, but equally the equal and unpaved streets, inhabited by the very poor. There are trees of many varieties—the stately plume-crowned elm; symmetrical, tender-leaved Carolina poplars; sprawling, much bebutomed sycamores, in liveries of white; rare and distinguished-looking ginkgos; lifting their spare trunks heavenward, like lofty church spires; soft, green, unbragaceous maples—the people's favorite—and generous, broad-leaved lindens and catalpas.

There is no more striking sight in Washington than may be seen by standing in the center of one of the small parks, called circles, situated at the intersection of sometimes eight or ten streets and avenues, and then letting the eye range along the rows of growing trees of many species, of similar height and beautiful aspect, which radiate from you for miles in all directions, like spokes from the hub of a wheel. And one needs only to notice some hot August day the pedo-trains droling from tree to tree to escape the blistering sun, the horses picking their way where the trees shade the street, and little children continuing their play at noonday beneath their grateful shelter, to be convinced that they have an important bearing upon public health and comfort. These facts led your correspondent to hunt up one of the originators of this great improvement, Mr. William Saunders, superintendent of the propagating garden, department of agriculture, for information, and Mr. Saunders imparted these facts:

"There are about 60,000 trees in the streets of Washington. Our streets are provided with 125 miles of shade, exclusive of parks and public gardens. We intend that every graded street, whether inhabited or not, shall have at least two rows of vigorous growing shade trees, and many of the wider avenues contain four. Set out in single file, twenty-five feet apart, our trees would extend from here to New York city. Planted in a grove, allowing only twenty-four feet space between the trees, they would form a forest covering 500 acres. Our maples alone probably number 25,000—a pretty sugar orchard with which to sweeten the public temper. Probably no other city in the world has provided so magnificently and systematically for its citizens in the matter of shade. This city is the pioneer and most successful example of the application of arboriculture to the improvement and ornamentation of public streets."

Such is the import of that balance of unexpended alimony which your tailor and your foolish friends admire, and the gradual disappearance of which, should you recover your sensibility and diminish it, they will still deplore, half frightening you back to your old habits again by saying: "You are growing thin; what can be the matter with you?" Insane and mischievous delusion.

A Barber's History of the "Machine Clip."

[Chicago Herald.] "Well, this down east Yankee went to work on the mowing machine idea. In two weeks he had his first machine constructed. Here Sam," he says to the brush boy, "I've got a little mowing machine here for cutting hair, an' I want to try it on you." The trial was made. But it wasn't a success. Hair flew all over the room, the chair was turned over, and Sam screamed like a strawberry venter. You see, the first machine was geared a little too strong, and this quiet public discontent. The suggestion was acted upon, and a parking commission was appointed, who should act as an advisory board to plan for and superintend the setting out of suitable shade trees. These gentlemen were practical nurserymen. The annual expenditures for this department has been \$18,000. The parking commission has not had the handling of the money, their duties being wholly advisory and superintending. During the first few years of our administration the principal outlay was for purchasing and setting out trees. As soon as practicable two nurseries were started and planted with the seeds of approved varieties of shade trees, and by means of late years we have been able to secure our stock at minimum price and little loss.

"As the number of trees under our charge increased, it was found that the boxing and proper care of those already planted absorbed the funds to such an extent that only 2,000 or 3,000 new trees could be planted annually. Our tree boxes cost us 45 cents apiece, and by their peculiar construction serve not only to protect the trees from outside violence, but also afford adequate support to the young trees against the high winds which often prevail in this section and to which, from their isolated position, they are peculiarly exposed. Under favorable conditions a tree box will last six or eight years. The employment of six or eight men with three horses is required, throughout the working season, to renew our stock at minimum price and little loss.

"It is amazing how many enemies a properly planted tree has to contend with in its laudable efforts in behalf of public comfort. Every runaway horse is sure to fetch up against a tree box, to their mutual hindrance. Drunken men find them a safer and far more convenient resting place than the proverbial lamp-post. Rain and wind storms in connection with excessive growth produce a large annual crop of accidents. Two thousand trees were prostrated in a single summer storm a few years ago. Besides no tree is exempt from its hereditary foes in the way of bugs, beetles, and worms. The police report daily all mishaps to trees and boxes, and we keep a team busy throughout the growing season repairing damages, such as removing broken limbs and worms' nests. It requires a large aggregate of labor to simply care for a forest of 60,000 trees, for such it really is. During the planting season, of course, a much larger force is temporarily employed."

DR. BIGGERS' BIRDS AND SPARROWS.

[Portland Press.]

"How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentle man to an old darky, "that you never married?" "Aren't you an admirer of the softer sex?" "I f' leet 'em duvel wunce 'bout her," replied Uncle Rastus. "A duvel."

"Yes, sah; yeahs an' yeahs ago. Sam Jackson an' myself we b'f' lobbed de same gal; we were bo'b'f'ur' git dar, an' de business climaxed in er due. We b'f' w'ne a trif' naivous, an' 'stid ob me hittin' Sam or Sam hittin' me, we b'f' w'ne down a valyble mule dat w'ne standin' neah de fence."

"How's that?"

"Well, I began trusting Blifkins shortly after I became acquainted with him, and I am trusting him still."

"And you consider him a man to be trusted?"

"No doubt of it."

"What do you base your opinion upon?"

"Personal experience."

"How's that?"

"Well, I began trusting Blifkins shortly after I became acquainted with him, and I am trusting him still."

SWEDISH TAXATION.

[Foreign Letter.]

The Swedish parliament has voted a duty on living flowers, fruit, and vegetables, the majority being prompted to that course by the idea of bringing money into the treasury by taxing supposed luxuries.

THE "MUM SOCIABLE."

A new form of amusement is the "mum sociable," at which every one who speaks within a certain specified time is subject to a fine.

CATARRH CURED.